

The Best Verse of the Week

Poems From Nearly Every Source Chosen For Almost Every Fancy

West India Dock Road.

By Thomas Burke.

Black man, white man, brown man, yellow man,
All the lousy Orient loading on the quay;
Hindoo, Dago, Jap, Malay and Chinaman
Dipping into London from the great green sea!

Black man, white man, brown man, yellow man,
Pennyfields and Poplar and Chinatown for me!
Stately moving cutthroats and many colored mysteries;
Never were such lusty things for London days to see!

On the evil twilight, rose and star and silver,
Steals a song that long ago in Singapore they sang;
Fragrant of spices, of incense and opium,
Cinnamon and aconite, the betel and the blang.

Three miles straight lies lily clad Belgravia,
Thin lipped ladies and padded men and pale.
But here are turbaned princes and velvet glancing gentlemen,
Tomtom and shark knife and salt caked sail.

Then get you down to Limehouse, by rigging, wharf and
smokestack,
Glamour, dirt and perfume, and dusky men and gold;
For down in lurking Limehouse there's the blue moon of
the Orient.

Lamps for young Aladdins and bowies for the bold!

From London Lamps.

Friends.

By Nina Moore Jamieson.

When other days have come, and we
Are parted, old and gray,
Shall you remember those cross things
We used to say?

Shall you remember all the times
We quarreled and once more
Made friends; then disagreed again
Worse than before?

Nay, rather let us both forget,
And until memory ends
Remember but the pleasant things—
Let us be friends.

From the Toronto Mail and Empire.

March

By Ralph M. Thomson.

Should men seem heart disposed to call you rude,
Let them remember you may be, in truth,
A messenger of love, ordained to give
Numb Nature joy, and sent by God, forsooth,
To breathe on winter's slain, that they may live.

Knitting Song.

By Grace N. Sherburne.

Click, click, the needles go,
A cheery sound—half gay, half sad,
Patiently knitting, row on row,
Socks for a soldier lad.

Wool of khaki and wool of gray,
Gleam of amber and flash of steel,
Knitting and purling day by day,
And narrowing now—for the heel.

A hint of laughter, a hint of a fear,
Love and longing are woven there,
Courage unending, hope and fear,
A sigh and a whispered prayer.

Over the seas he sailed away,
Somewhere in France he must face the foe;
And she loves to knit for him day by day,
Click, the needles go.

From the Boston Globe.

If and Perhaps.

If every one were wise and sweet,
And every one were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labor
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbor—
Oh, what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

And if perchance we both should try
That glorious time to hurry,
If you and I—just you and I,
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I,
Kinder and sweeter hearted—
Perhaps in some near by-and-by
That good time might get started;
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

From the Youkers Statesman.

Earth

By John Gould Fletcher.

This is the Earth.

Brown clogged and dull,
Turned in wet, sticky furrows,
It sleeps in the still evening
Of some late autumn day.

Ages ago tides rose against it,
And heaped it thus in shelving folds,
And monstrous scaly creatures
Swam through those tides;

Ages ago men hunted on it,
Seeking amid the frozen spaces,
For furs and food;

Ages ago men settled on it,
Emerging from the forests
Driving the cattle before them;

Ages ago men fought for it,
Struggled and died
For foothold in these scanty fields.

And now at last
The earth cries out for food,
This slave of man has too long given its harvests,
It asks the life it gave be yielded back to it.

In the autumn evening,
You can hear it plainly,
The cry of the ancient earth.

Moaning and tossing,
Under the heavy steel rain that falls on it from heaven;
Crying for blood, blood to make fertile
Its growing barrenness.

From the Bookman.

To My Boy.

By Marietta M. Andrews.

I let you fight the biggest boy;
I let you climb the biggest tree;
You had a rifle for a toy,
Tho' it was agony for me.

I let you row and swim and dive,
Until you equalled any duck;
I let you ride what horse you would
To test your strength and prove your pluck.

It almost crucified me when
You skated on the thinnest ice—
You took ten chances out of ten,
And oh! you thought it all so nice!

I bought a Ford, I sat therein,
My feet drove under me with fear.
Up hill, down dale, how we did spin!
You drove it very well, my dear.

I know it all is for your good,
Yet frozen stiff to-day with fright,
I sat and shivered in the wood
While you cleared stumps with dynamite!

From Songs of a Mother. (E. P. Dutton & Company.)

The Imperial City.

By Cale Young Rice.

Water, under white bridges, lilled water, under the
marble. Still; with the heavens in it . . .
A bird's warble.

Green limbs drifting . . . A stork out of the shal-
lows, under the arches, suddenly lifting.

Over the roofs blue tiled, where I am wending, over she
soars . . . A mandarin by me talks of Em-
perors.

Steps up to a shrine, under a pine. . . . Strange
heaven beasts guarding it, dogs divine.

I slip a little by one . . . there is a stain. "The
blood of China," I think, "The blood of China!"
and sicken with pain.

I turn: the beauty is gone; tyranny left. . . . I
have been feeding my senses where starved mil-
lions were bereft.

But I remember, a new banner now waves. . . .
No more is this a changeless land of Emperors
and slaves.

From Wraiths and Realities. (The Century Company.)

A Creed.

By Alice Duer Miller.

Courage to ask of love neither sign nor token,
Wisdom to wait, silence and faith are better;
Fear not alone lest the bond be some day broken,
But that love, too desperately dear, become a fetter.
From Wings in the Night. (The Century Company.)

From Camp Upton.

By Irving Brenner.

I've dug a million trenches and I've cleared ten miles of
ground,
And meaner jobs than I've performed—my boy, they
can't be found.
I've washed a million mess kits and I've peeled a million
spuds,
I've rolled a million blankets and I've washed a million
duds,
And the number of parades I've made, I ain't a-going
to tell,
But I'll do my bit in heaven as I've done my hitch in
hell.
When the final taps are sounded and I lay aside my
cares,
To my last parade a-climbing I'll go up the golden
stairs.
When the angels greet my howdy and the harps begin
to play,
I'll draw a million canteen checks to pass the time away.

Speed the Ship!

Twenty-four hours make a day,
Time for work, and sleep and play.
Cut out the sleep! Cut out the play!
But not the work and not the pay.

Posted at an American Navy Yard.

Songs of Wales

Songs of Wales live in our ears
Through the swiftly passing years;
Moaning storm winds as they blow
Murmur songs of long ago;
Voices of our dead ones dear
In our country's airs we hear.

Whispering leaves in every grove
Murmur low the songs we love,
Sing the seas 'neath roaring gales
Snatches of the songs of Wales,
And to Cymric ears they sound
Through creation all around.

From the Montreal Daily Star.

An American to France.

By Alice Duer Miller.

O France, with what a shamed and sorry smile
We now recall that in a bygone day
We sought of you art, wit, perfection, style;
You were to us a playground and a play.
Paris was ours—its sudden green edged spaces
And sweeping vistas to the coming night,
Brocades and jewels, porcelains and laces—
All these we took for leisure and delight.
And all the time we should have drunk our fill
Of Wisdom known to you and you alone,
Clear eyed self-knowledge, silent courage, will;
And now, too late, we see these things are one:
That art is sacrifice and self-control,
And who loves beauty must be stern of soul.

From Wings in the Night. (The Century Company.)

Guide to R. Browning

By G. L. K.

Morning, evening, noon and night,
Praise the Lord, sang Theocrite.

In hamlet, village, town or city,
Praise the Lord, sang Theocrite.

In full dress, dinner coat or nightie,
Praise the Lord, sang Theocrite.

In subway, surface car or street,
Praise the Lord, sang Theocrite.

In moderation, or mediocrity,
Praise the Lord, sang Theocrite.

And as I wonder which was right,
Praise the Lord, sang Theocrite
From the Buffalo Evening News.

The Little Flag on Main Street.

By McLandburgh Wilson.

The little flag on Main street
Is floating all the day,
Its stars are fairly sparkling,
Its stripes are glad and gay.
It stops the passing zephyrs
To tell them as they dance:
"I have a battle brother
Who flies to-day in France!"

The little flag on Main street
Is streaming all the night,
It hauls the wheeling planets
Upon their glowing flight.
It tells the joyful tidings
And calls to all its kin:
"I have a battle brother
Who marches to Berlin!"

From The Little Flag on Main Street. (The Macmillan Company.)